

TENTH EDITION

FOSTER'S PLANTATION MELODIES  
— No 20 —

My old Kentucky home, good night  
As Sung by

CHRISTY'S



MINSTRELS

No 18. FAREWELL MY LILLY DEAR.

No 19 MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Written & Composed by

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

PIANO

25 Cts net

— GUITAR —

PUBLISHED BY FIRTH, POND & CO. NEW YORK  
FRANKLIN SQUARE.

Pittsburgh H. KLEBER.

Waxelam & Jucho St. Louis.

Cleveland HOLBROOK & LONG.

Entered according to Act of Congress 1853 by Firth, Pond & Co. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the South District of New York.

Waxelam & Co.



# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT!

Words and Music by

Sung by CHRISTY'S Minstrels.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

*Poco Adagio.*

The sun shines bright in the

old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay, The

Entered according to Act of Congress AD 1853 by Firth Pond & Co in the Clerks office of the District Court of the Southern Dist of New York.



corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the

day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cabin floor, All

merry, all happy and bright: By'n by Hard Times comes a

knocking at the door, Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

The musical score is written on four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef, key of D major) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, treble and bass clefs, key of D major). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



## CHORUS.

**Tenor.**  
Weep no more, my lady, oh! weep no more to-day! We will sing one song For the

**1st Soprano.**  
Weep no more, my lady, oh! weep no more to-day! We will sing one song For the

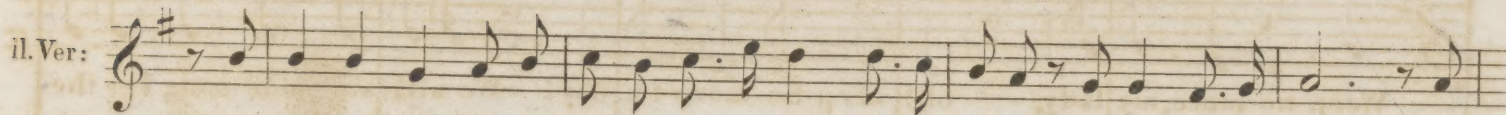
**2nd Soprano.**  
Weep no more, my lady, oh! weep no more to-day! We will sing one song For the

**Bass.**  
Weep no more, my lady, oh! weep no more to-day! We will sing one song For the

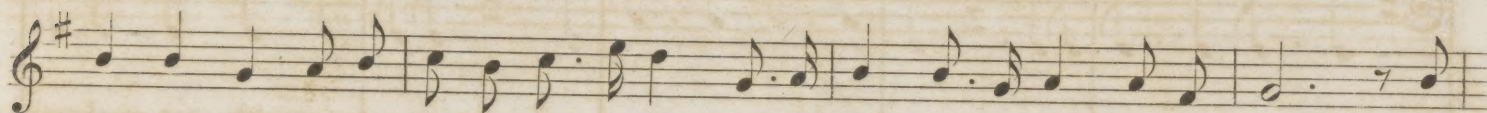
old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky Home, far a-way.

old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky Home, far a-way.

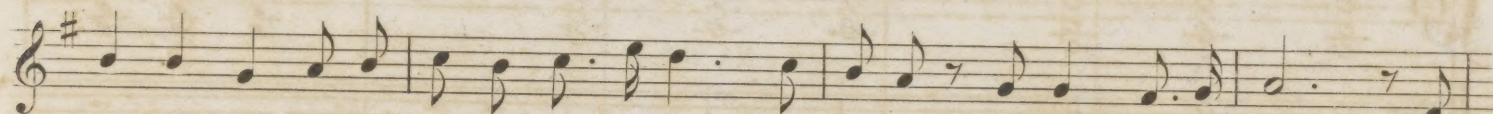




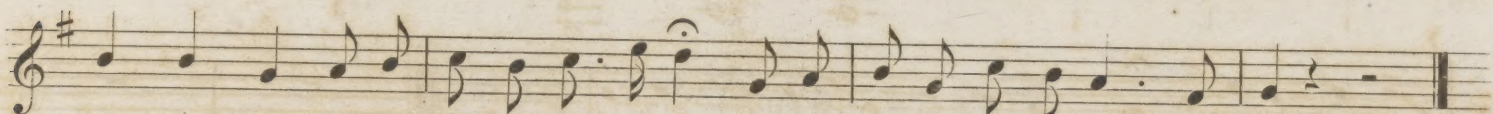
They hunt no more for the possum and the coon On the meadow, the hill, and the shore, They



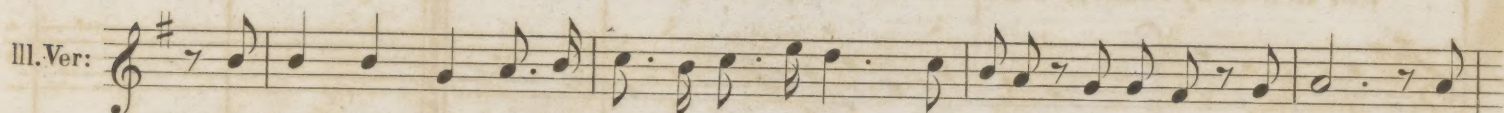
sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old ca-bin door. The



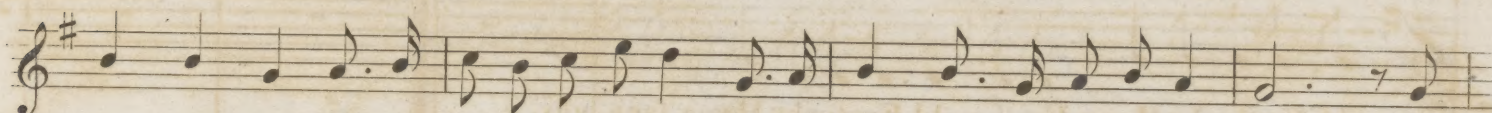
day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light: The



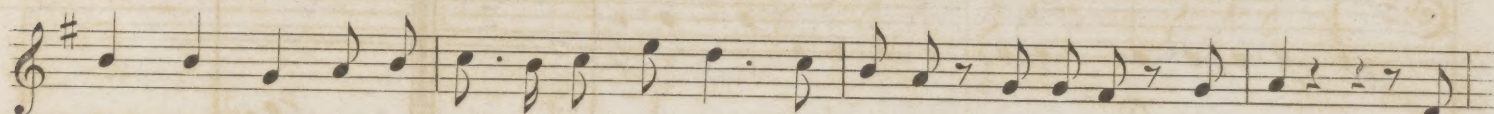
time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuc-ky home good-night! Chorus.



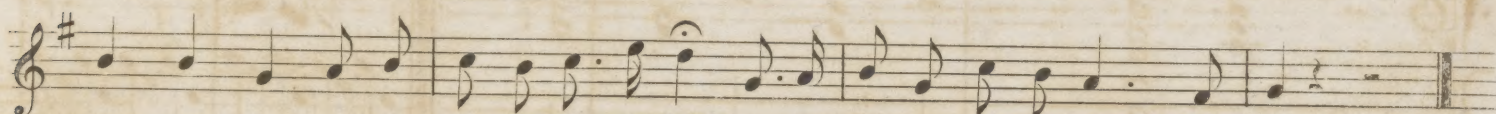
The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wherever the darkey may go: A



few more days, and the trouble all will end In the field where the su-gar-canes grow. A



few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No matter, twill never be light, A



few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuc-ky home good-night! Chorus.



THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE  
REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND  
AND SEVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN

AND SEVEN